If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely
As it behoones my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection, puh, you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance,
Doe you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, thinke your ſelfe a babie,
That you haue tane theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling: tender your ſelfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.
Pol. I, faſhion you may call it, go to, go to.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My Lord, with almoſt all the holy vowes of heauen.
Pol. I, ſprings to catch wood-cocks, I doe know
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes, theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making
You muſt not tak't for fire: from this time
Be ſome-thing ſcanter of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not believe his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhow
But meere implorators of vnholy ſuites,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time foorth
Haue

Haue you ſo ſlaunder any moments leaſure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites ſhroudly, it is very colde.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What hour now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke
Hor. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke *A Florish of trumpets and 2. peeces goes off.*
What does this meane my Lord?
Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowſe,
Keepes waſſell and the ſwaggring vp-ſpring reeles:
And as he draines his draſts of Renniſh downe,
The kettle drumme and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry iſt,
But to my mind, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle East and Weſt
Makes vs tradu'ced and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particu'er men,
That for ſome vitious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Sinc nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of ſome complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of reaſon,
Or by ſome habite that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauſiue manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtamp of one defect

Being